

# Bríd Óg Ní Mháille

The Corrs

Is a Bhríd Óg Ní Mháille  
'S tú d'fhág mo chroí cráite  
'S chuir tú arraingeacha  
An bháis fríd cheartlár mo chroí  
Tá na céadta fear i ngrá  
Le d'éadan ciúin náireach  
Is go dtug tú barr breáchtacht'  
Ar Thír Oirghiall más fíor

Níl ní ar bith is áille  
Ná'n ghealach os cionn a' tsáile r  
Ná bláth bán na n-airne  
Bíos ag fás ar an draighean  
Ó siúd mar bíos mo ghrá-sa  
Níos trilsí le breáchtacht  
Béilín meala na háilleacht'  
Nach ndearna riamh claon

Is buachaill deas óg mé  
'Tá triall chun mo phósta  
'S ní buan i bhfad beo mé  
Mura bhfaighidh mé mo mhian  
A chuisle is a stóirín  
Déan réidh agus bí romhamsa  
Cionn deireanach den Domhnach  
Ar Bhóithrín Dhroim Sliabh

Is tuirseach 's brónach  
A chaithimse an Domhnach  
Mo hata 'mo dhorn liom  
'S mé ag osnaíl go trom  
'S mé ag amharc ar na bóithre  
'Mbíonn mo ghrá-sa ag gabhail ann  
'S í ag fear eile pósta  
Is gan í bheith liom

Oh Brid Og O'Malley  
You have left my heart breaking  
You've sent the death pangs  
Of sorrow to pierce my heart sore  
A hundred men are craving  
For your breathtaking beauty  
You're the fairest of maidens  
In Oriel for sure

No spectacle is fairer  
Than moonbeams on the harbor  
Or the sweet scented blossoms  
Of the sloe on the thorn  
But my love shines much brighter  
In looks and in stature  
That honey-lipped beauty  
Who never said wrong

I'm a handsome young fellow  
Who is thinking of wedlock  
But my life will be shortened

If I don't get my dear  
My love and my darling  
Prepare now to meet me  
On next Sunday evening  
On the road to Drum Slieve

'Tis sadly and lonely  
I pass the time on Sunday  
My head bowed in sorrow  
My sights heavy with woe  
As I gaze upon the byways  
That my true love walks over  
Now she's wed to another  
And left me forlorn